

HOUSEWIVES

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CARE WHO
SHE'S NOW
CHEATING
WITH

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AND WE'RE
THE ONLY
MAGAZINE
THAT GIVES
THAT TO
YOU!







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I'm also sassy, a sweetheart, opinionated, a bitch, your lover, and your very worst nightmare. I'm your ex..... asshole.

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HOUSEWIYES

EIIIEIIILE





















Lenna Cal home Today. It's very flattering for someone to think of me as 'fuckable' because I think I am. As a matter of fact, I've turned my fuckability into a business that I can take anywhere I like and with whomever I like. I can't say there are too many ladies out there that can say the same.









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cock. If not all the time, then for those special times when they really want to get fucked good. Not every guy with a big cock can fuck me good, but when they do, all you other dudes can go home.





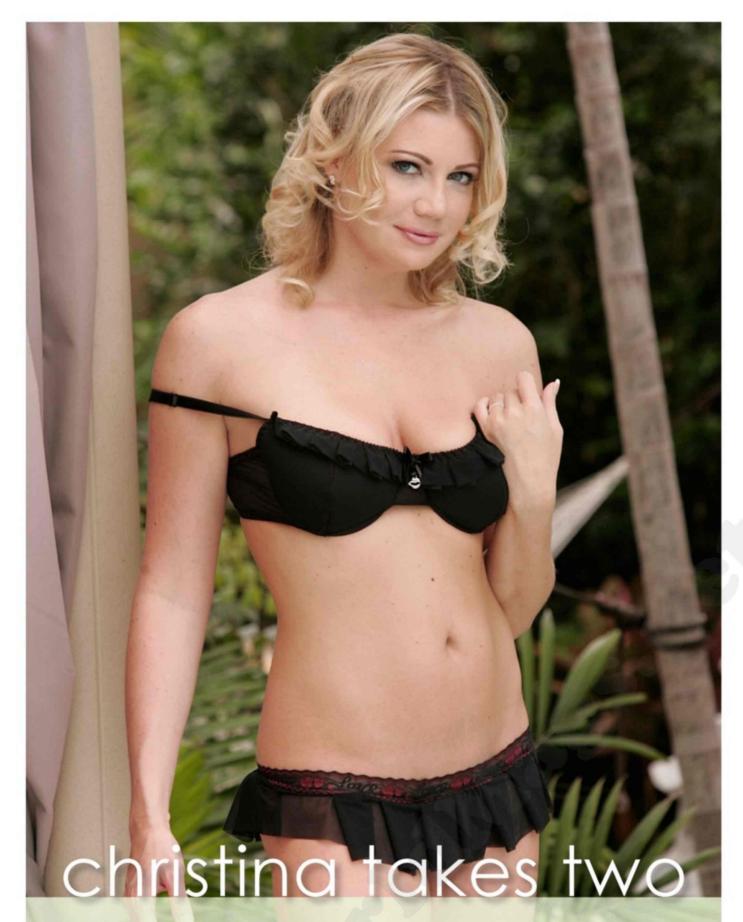








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Christing says the gaing to be a hor one. But what I really mean is that it's going to be hot with two. I recently moved to the area and don't know anyone here. Then I met these two guys and they helped me move, but I didn't have enough to pay them. So we worked something else out.











Handle Your Business



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#2 "real skin" vagina



#3 Real feeling MILF



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#5 Inflatable Passion Doll



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Wy build been primed. Contrary to what you guys must think, but not all men want to have anal sex. Which is what my husband thinks. Now I have to find someone who will fuck me in the ass. When I do, I'll get my booty hole prepped with an enema. Then I'll use my favorite vibe to be sure it's ready for cock.











no emotional ties

Over the years, the American cat house has evolved from seedy hotel rooms into multi-million dollar businesses.

No matter what the space is that houses these friendly felines, men will follow and partake of their wares. Many of these men are cheating on their spouses at the bordellos, but perhaps that's not as bad as it seems. Many, many men disassociate sex and love. To them, sex is sex and they can indulge without the wife knowing and it may not be a bad thing.

When men cheat, it can be for many reasons. But mostly it's because they're not getting sex at home. A cat house allows them that release without necessarily jeopardizing the married relationship. Why? There is no emotional commitment. If a man cheats with a neighbor, or an office worker or the wife's best friend, there are emotions at stake. Just knowing the woman he is cheating with takes infidelity to another level. But cheating with an escort just for sex, more often than not, has no emotional ties.

Why don't we take a look at cat houses and those that inhabit and frequent them. We won't make any moral judgements. We'll just provide some information that men, and women, may find helpful in understanding this situation.

Outside of certain counties, in Nevada, prostitution is illegal in the United States, meaning that bordello She claims she has serviced clients in numerous apartment houses in the greater metro area.

Erica P. has been forced to relocate her business four times since the summer of '08. Her neighbors have all complained about the constant traffic of men in and out of the residential apartment building where she has set up shop. But she's not happy about it. The new location makes it difficult for her regular clients to make the trip; so she depends on new clients from surrounding areas to make up the difference.

When Jesse finds himself a new city, he doesn't ask the cab driver at the airport to take him to a hotel but to the best cat house in town. "If one cabdriver doesn't know, I get out and ride with the cabbie who does," he says. In small towns in Kansas, Oklahoma or Wisconsin, bordellos can't advertise in the classifieds. It's

basically the same as any bigger one and must be run for the women to be safe and discrete.

New York City Yellow Pages lists almost fifty pages of advertisements from "escort services," more than any city in the nation. The back pages of mainstream weekly publication, such as the Village Voice and New York Press under adult entertainment, list hundreds of classifieds soliciting clients for their escort or apartment house bordellos. But the modern cat woman uses the internet. Yes, there are dangers, but younger clients use computer and mobile apps the way older ones used to turn a page.

The discrete language in the ads must be provocative enough to attract new clients and vague enough to keep away the cops. Ads are the best way to attract new business, says Erica, who answers phone in-



operators in the other 49 states have had to fashion clever means to skirt pandering laws and vice busts. Dolores F. is a prostitute who currently works from her home in Atlanta. all by word-of-mouth. Usually, places are tucked away in old hotels or off of dead-end streets where they're hidden away from traffic and patrolling police cars. But local houses are

quiries from potential clients. I can tell you how a man speaks if he is a regular to these services, if he the nervous first timer, if he's a troublemaker, a weirdo or if he's a cop. Working the phones seductively and cautiously is a must for bordello operations. Usually, calls are handled by the madam or by trained professional assistant known in the industry as a phone girl who has learned what to say and how to screen callers.

"You answer the callers questions if they are within reason," says Susan T., a pretty 22-year-old brunette who works at an apartment house bordello in Manhattan that has remained in the same location for the past four years. Callers want to know price and location. "If they ask about specific sexual acts or use abrasive language, we hang up. If a man is interested, he makes an appointment with us. We then tell him to call minutes prior to the scheduled time when he is near the location. At that point, we give him the exact address."

Ramona, the woman who manages this in-call service, says it's a gentlemen's club, and her job was to screen callers and make appointments. "When I came in from my interview I was intimidated. But after seeing what was all about, after seeing that it was safe, secure and run by women, I said 'yes.' And the fact that pay was off the books made the job sound good to me."

Susan says she earns \$100 in cash for a five hour shift with no break that starts at noon. There are three shifts in total. Susan attends the City College of New York and intends to go to law school. At work, Susan fields so many calls that she wears an operator's headset. She keeps a notepad listing clients' first names in their designated meeting times. Callers seldom give their real first name, but their images are videotaped via a surveillance camera at the door and kept on record for several months just in case something happens to one of the



"When I first saw the ad, I thought no way a girl that pretty is working house. but the woman on the phone insisted the girl was real. I made my first appointment with Tori several months ago," Robert says, "Since then, I've been back more than 15 times."

girls. Modeling requires the woman to have no problem marketing her sexuality. It takes sex personally. One escort, a blonde 20-year-old who says her name is Tori, resembles an Midwestern high school cheerleader which is exactly what she was until she was cut from the squad.

"I was raised in Des Moines Iowa, and went to high school there," Tori tograph caught the eye of Robert C, an electrical engineer who was married and has two children.

Three years into his marriage, Robert says he developed an uncontrollable urge to sleep with other women, but he didn't want to risk having an affair. "Prostitutes are the best resource," he says. "They get me off, but they don't interfere with

She asked me if I'd ever been there before, and I said no. Behind her I saw two doors. I turned and noticed nine women seated on the couches, dressed in street clothes. They all look between 20 and 35 years old some of them were beautiful."

"Behind the couches I saw a bathroom, and a small kitchen down the hallway. I was escorted down the



said. "After I dropped out, I worked a couple of boring jobs. I decided to leave Des Moines. I always dreamed of New York City and one day I packed up and flew out here. When I arrived, I couldn't get a job, until one day I answered an ad in the Village Voice that was seeking models for in-call service. I wasn't sure what was; but Ramona, the woman who manages the service, made it sound appealing. I met with her and the rest is history. I have been here for almost 2 years. The money is good I never take home less than \$800 in cash. The house takes half of what I make, but that's the price you pay for security."

Tori runs ads accompanied by her picture, age and measurements – 34DD, 24, 34. She credits the ads with doubling her business. Her pho-

my marriage. I used to laugh at men who went to hookers when I was single. Now, as a married man, I'm not laughing anymore."

The day of the initial visit, Robert called five minutes before his appointment. He identified himself as George and was given the building exact address. "I pushed the buzzer, was let in and walked up a flight of stairs. I was faced with two doors. An old woman with a shopping bag was going into the door next to the one for me. After I rang, I heard some voices inside. A surveillance camera was trained at me I walked up a small flight of steps and was met by a group of three women. One of them was wearing a headset. I introduced myself to the woman who had the headset. I told her I had an appointment and mentioned Tori's name. hallway and into the bathroom by the woman with the headset. It was a small room, neat, with piped-in stereo music, mirrors and heavy curtains on the windows. The woman told me to make myself comfortable and someone would be right with me. Having been with women from escort services, I know making myself comfortable was code for stripping naked."

"I took out the \$200 I had agreed to over the phone and held it in my hand. In a minute a woman returned and asked me who I was scheduled to see. I said Tori. She nodded and asked for the money. She left saying that Tori would be with me shortly." Erica claims that this process is the way all clients are screened. "When a man arrives, the price and the time has already been agreed to on the



phone," Erica says. "The guy has to be totally naked before any money is handed over. If he refuses to get naked before passing the money, he's a cop. It's always handed over to one of the clothed receptionists. The amount he gives is for the amount of time he wants. If he does not give the exact amount he's a cop. If he discusses sex he's a cop."

"The receptionist leaves with the money, then the model he wants enters the room. At no time is any money given to the model, or does she request any money. Whatever they choose to do within the time is their business. As far as I know," Erica says with a sly grin all they do is talk.

"I sat on the bed and waited." Robert continues. "Then the door opened. It was Tori. She was even more beautiful that her picture. She wore black lingerie. I asked her to remove her top and bottom. Her breasts were very large and naturally firm. I kneaded her nips as she rubbed my chest. We exchanged small talk for a while. She told me she was from Iowa and that she just started taking acting lessons."

"Then she moved down and started playing with my cock and balls. a woman do that. She started giving me a sweet and steady blow job immediately."

"Even with the condom on, my cock in her mouth felt bigger than being in my wife's pussy without one. I begged Tori to ride me cowgirl style. She laughed and positioned her pussy over my cock and slowly sunk down on it. The intense heat from her pussy passed right through the condom. She rode me back and forth and told me to grip her ass. She didn't have to ask me twice."

"Then I felt my cock pulse. I was pleased at myself for cumming so quickly, but it was not like I was fucking someone I had to impress. As I came, Tori pinched my nipples. Then she slowly slid off while I was still erect and played with my cock. As my dick died down she slid the condom off. I looked at the clock by the bed. We'd only been at it for twenty minutes."

Tori admits that the most awkward part of her job is when there is over it a half-hour left and the client has just shot his load. "I prefer a half hour session. It cost \$120 and earns me the minimum of the \$20 tip from the client, as opposed to an

try; or worse by giving them a back rub and hearing stories about how much they love their kids and how they hate their jobs."

"I think Robert was pretty typical of the men I service. The sex for me is never very satisfying, because so many get off quickly, there's rarely consideration for my needs. But then I didn't get into this for my sexual needs. I'm doing it, while I can, for the money," Tori says.

"After I finished with Robert, he just sat on the edge of the bed for a minute. I could tells he was thinking about his wife and about what he just did. I'm not the moral police. I'm a working woman who is trying to make ends meet. I try not to take any of his, or any other client's, baggage home with me," she adds. "I'm sure there will probably come a day when the client's story may get to me. Maybe that's the day I'll quit the business, but until then, I have to do whatever it takes to stay afloat."

Robert still has some forty minutes left in his session. He's cum once but probably cannot cum again. He falls back on the bed and asks Tori to just play with his cock. He just wants to



She complemented me on how attractive and fit my cock was. Then she took a condom, wet it with her mouth, and slid down my cock with her lips and mouth. I have never had

hour for \$180 – and the minimum tip of \$40," Tori said. "I try to get as many men off in one shift as possible. Otherwise, I'm stuck with trying to get them hard again for another feel a little bit better for the time he has left. "It's something I can't get at home," he says. "It's amazing how just a little extra affection means to men like me."



perfectly hairless pussy, to that bella ass that gets stuffed very deep. You can check her out in her super sexy hardcore video online. She'll thank you for it. Actually, you will be thanking her for it.





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We're just having fun. Men don't usually consider it cheating if we girls play with each other. It's different when it's with another guy. That's cheating. But if you get him to join in a three-way with your girlfriend, then you can have the best of both worlds. We say you should go for it.











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having sex. And why not? Men love to hear all those 'Aaaahs, Oooohs and Eeeees' as I'm getting fucked in the ass. Go online now and check it out. Or just kick back and close your eyes and listen.









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a secret in my life

Yes, I have thought about cheating. No, I don't have the nerve to do it. Yes, I've talked with my husband about it. No, he would not be okay with it if I did.



So what's a poor girl to do. I feel stuck in a ten year soulless marriage that I just hang onto for the sake of the kids. I talk to my girlfriends about Herb and they all tell me to get out of our marriage. But I can't. My parents would probably consider me a failure. Surely the office would find out and I couldn't face that. The church I go to would also learn of it and I was not about to commit adultery, in their eyes, and have to live with that fear and guilt. I did get up the courage to speak with my minister in private about my frustration and while he said he understood, he did not offer any advice that I could take to heart. He suggested that I stick with my husband and try to find ways to change him. I don't think that's going to work. He also suggested that maybe we should go on separate vacations for a week and hope that will restore the ardor in our relationship. I don't think my husband would go for that. He'd wonder why we needed separate vacations and that, then, would open up a can of worms.

g did not know what to do so g did what g could

I finally broke down and tried to talk to my husband about it. Unfortunately he was less receptive to discussing it than I thought. I tried to sugar-coat it, telling him I would try new things with him. I said that I'd fuck him more often, even give him blow jobs every day. He just wasn't interested. Then I asked if he was cheating on me. Well, he went through the roof accusing me of all sorts of things. I was devastated that we couldn't resolve anything, and maybe it just made things even worse. I know, you are probably thinking I should grow some balls and move on. I just can't do that to my family. I do have hope that he'll come around soon and we'll get back to normal. I really feel that if our sex life gets back on track, the rest will fall in place, too. I don't know what to do, so I retreat into my own fantasy world.

ing, I say in my mind. He pulls back with a loud suction noise popping off my pussy. My pussy cools from his mouth's absence, but it is hotter than ever in anticipation of the next. Clark moves so that when I look up and see his hardness, I cannot help but leave my feelings in limbo and move in to orally adore it. I lick my lips and it doesn't disappoint. It is just inches from me now. I have to have it. It begs for my mouth and tongue without saying a word. It knows exactly what I'm going to do so I reached up and gently move along its length with my



tongue. I smell his manliness and it adds to my ardor. Seven inches later I'm at his balls and suck them – first one, then the other.

His penis is twitching. His hands settle around my head and pulls my mouth to the tip of his cock. I have no choice but to suck it. My moist warm tongue massages the head. It searched for the small opening in the tip and slides in just a touch. I know he doesn't expect it. I want to do what he doesn't expect. He groans loudly. I feel the vibrations in his rock hardness. He holds my head tight and rocks his cock back and forth, in and out of my hungry mouth. My hands move behind him and cress his butt cheeks. They fit firmly in my grasp and I pull them towards me. My lips tighten around his shaft, my tongue rolls inside my mouth caressing every inch

that is inside. He thrusts his cock to the depths of my mouth, hitting the back of my throat. He tastes delicious on my tongue.

My moans are encouraging but Clark pulls out. I watch his stiff cock move away and down between my legs. His large hands grab my ankles and lift them up and out, opening my legs wide, exposing my hot moist slit to him and his anxious cock that's pointing right at it. He dips not one but two fingers inside my tight love tunnel the raises it to his hungry mouth and sucks my juices off from his fingers. He looks at me and tells me how much he likes to taste me. But enough. I want... I whine...

Suddenly, he pushes his cock all the way inside me in one long thrust. My pussy squeezes his rod with joy, making the tunnel tighter and tighter. My pussy feels the entirety of him. It spasms all around him as I'm about to cum again. Clark's hands pinch and pull at my nipples. Then my pussy squeezes him one more time and abruptly, my orgasm bursts forth. My body melts into the flowing river that is Clark. I was no longer in control of my body's actions. I quiver in my ecstasy, and moan loudly in my pleasure.

Clark can feel my pussy milking his hardness, willing him to cum inside. At long last, he can no longer hold back. In one long slow push to the depths of my love-canal, he spurts, mingling his cum with my juices. He collapses on me, still inside me, resting his cock between the walls it just fucked. He leans down to kiss me, drops of sweat glistening from his broad chest, falling onto mine. I kiss him back and whisper that I want to taste him. It was not fair to me to leave his cock inside my pussy. He pulls his hips back and his cock flops out of my tunnel. He crawls up towards my head and straddles my face. Lowering his hips, I want to taste his cock. I want to taste the mix of our love. I gently take it with my hand and pull it near my nose. I inhale the sweetness of our union. I lick the tip, the shaft, his balls. I want his sweaty manhood to envelope me in it's sensuous aromas.

Slowly he backs off me and lays by my side. His hands gently rub my body in soft caresses. He snuggles next to me ear and whispers how much he loves making love with me. How much he loves me. How he can never cheat on me. Clark, I only wish you were real.

He crawls up towards my head and straddles my face. Lowering his hips, I want to taste his cock, I want to taste the mix of our love.

I have created my fantasy man and he visits me, and makes love to me whenever I want him to. He never tires, he never refuses me, and above all he leaves when I'm finished with him. His name is Clark. As in Clark Gable, like Clark Kent. He is handsome and he is strong. He listens and he is always there. He makes love to me the way that I want him to.

I lay in bed in my half-sleep. Clark's warm body is next to me and I gently become aware of his strong hands making soft strokes on my back. The heat of his body and the warmth of his hand caress my skin. I feel his warm breath on my neck as he kisses it from my shoulders to my hairline. I moan softly as I reach back and find his hair. I play with it, twirling strands in my fingers. Around my body I feel his arms encircle me, his hands reaching forward to cup one of my breasts, gently kneading, my nipples tightened into stiff peaks. I latch onto his hand, holding it firm as I roll my body to face him. Our lips touch; my tongue softly penetrates his lips. I open my eyes and look deeply into his with streams of love pouring out of them. I tell him he is the love of my life. This raises our body heat and with our eyes locked, he pushes his thighs gently between mine. I open them and hook my leg over his, sensing his manhood arousing.

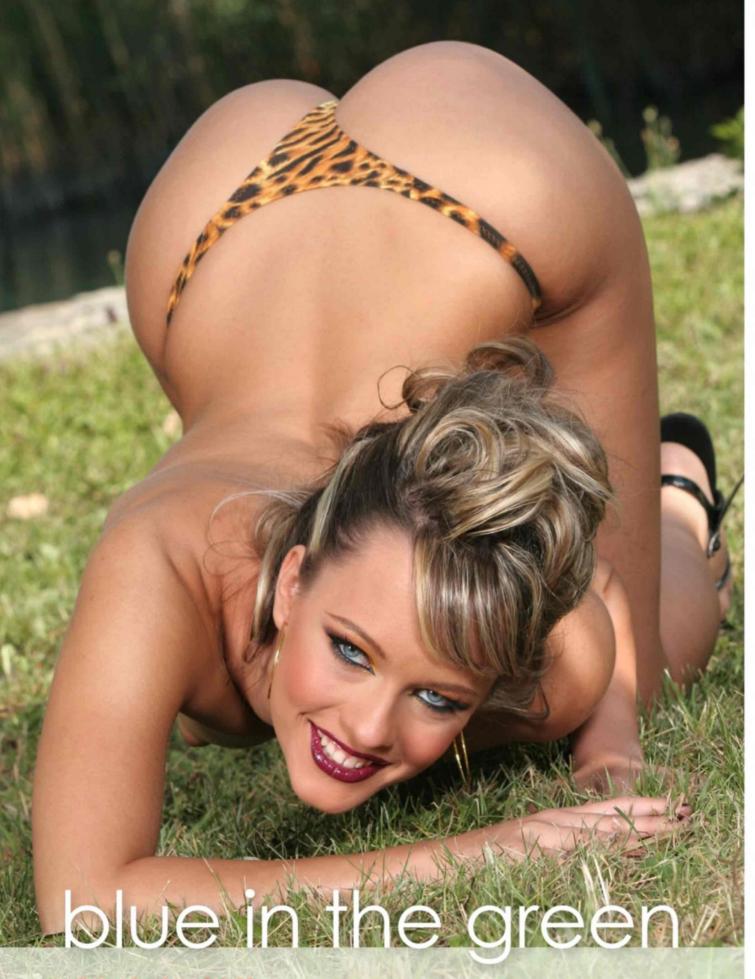
I feel him separate his body from mine leaving a cool patch where our flesh was touching. He pushes me tenderly onto my back. His lips still kissing my neck, then moving down between my breasts. Upon arrival, he pushes them together as he buries his face between my mounds. The stubble on his chin scratches then stimulates my breasts making my nipples hard. First he takes one nipple into his mouth, then the other and sucks on them, his tongue wetting each with his love. My hands now stroke his dark hair as I push my breast and nipple deeper into his mouth. The feeling of his tongue licking them is sensational, like static charges jumping from his tongue to my flesh and then charging down the length of my body.

He lifts his head from the treasures on my chest and moves downward, making a wet trail straight to my most sensitive of areas. I do not stop him, I want him to hurry but I hold back, letting him take his time and me to pleasure. His tongue reaches it destination and searches over my pussy lips, then between them finding my on switch, and delicately licks my sensitive enlarged button. Uncontrollably, my back arches and my hands grab his hair as my thighs clamp around his head as I buck off the bed. My actions bury my clit deeper into



his mouth. He begins to suck my clit harder and deeper. His long wet tongue flicks and rolls the nub. He pushed my thighs apart, and opened my labia for better access for his conquering tongue. He rolled the tight bud expertly inside his mouth, lapped and pushed his tongue round and round my clit. I almost there. Ecstasy awaits. I wait for it, but it does not wait for me. The build up is excruciating and I love it. I don't want it to stop. I don't want the inevitable – yet. I want to surf in the waves of the big one.

My body cannot stop the locomotive. It's signaling to my brain to let go. It's cumming, I'm cumming. Then I realize that I'm not the one in control. Clark stops suddenly. I grab his head and push it down forcing his mouth back down onto my throbbing knob. Stop resist-



Devil fined and Angel's in blue I know I've got a little bit if the devil in me. It's my naughty and sexy side. Most of the time I'm an absolute angel. Just ask my mama. But then I get around a cock and the devil takes over. He nestles on my shoulder telling me to do nasty things. And I do. And I like.











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Who lives My nights out with friends at the clubs never really resulted in meeting anyone worth while. But last night may have paid off. I've never dated an athlete before so it will be interesting to see what happens. All I've ever heard is the biggest guys have the littlest dicks. I hope he can prove it wrong.











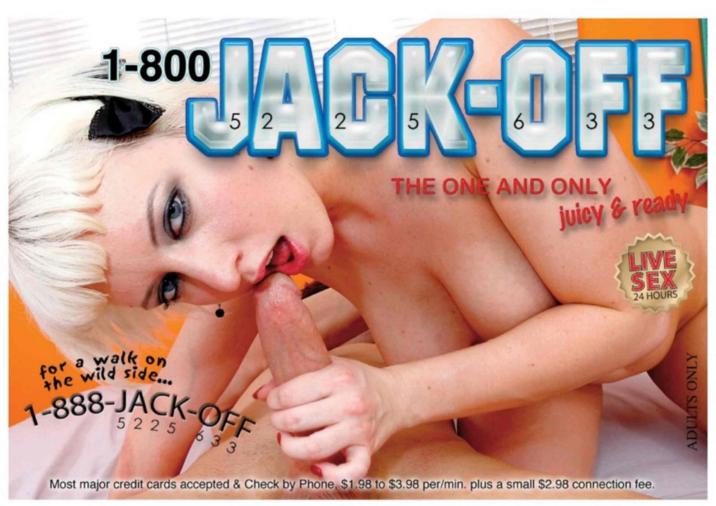






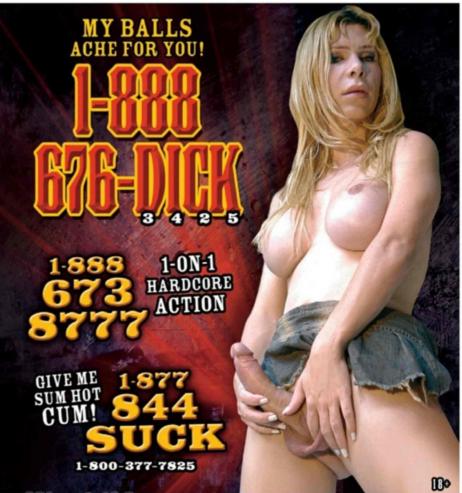


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